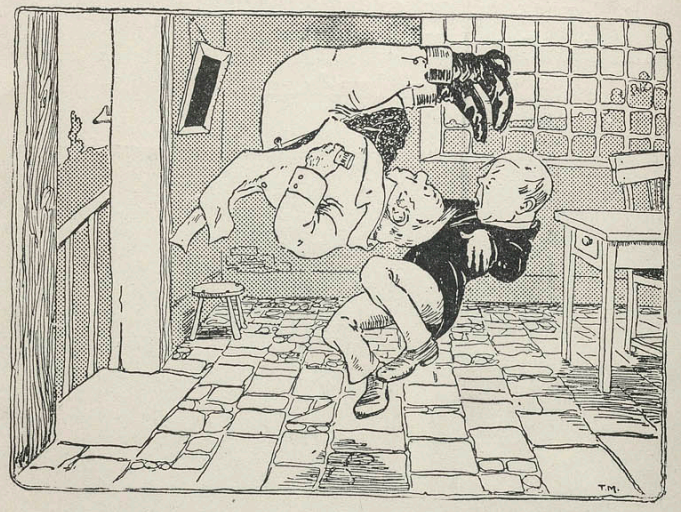
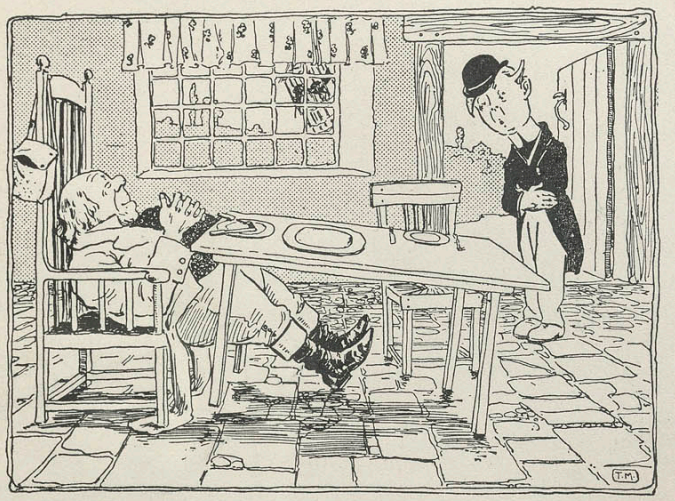


"'You are old,' said the youth, 'as I mentioned
before,
And have grown most uncommonly fat;
Yet you turned a back-somersault in at the
door—
Pray, what is the reason of that?'

"'In my youth,' said the sage, as he shook his grey
locks,
'I kept all my limbs very supple
By the use of this ointment—one shilling the
box—
Allow me to sell you a couple?'



"'You are old,' said the youth, 'and your jaws
are too weak
For anything tougher than suet;
Yet you finished the goose, with the bones and
the beak—
Pray, how did you manage to do it?'

"'In my youth,' said his father, 'I took to the
law,
And argued each case with my wife;
And the muscular strength, which it gave to my
jaw,
Has lasted the rest of my life.'